



TYPICAL SHELL CRATERS

Never in the history of the world was the crust of Old Earth so pitted and torn by the explosions of human conflict as it is to-day. The mechanical superiority which the Germans at first possessed over the Allies is now a thing of the past.

SHELL CRATERS: WITH SOME NOTES ON WAR MACHINES

SHELL craters continue to grow in magnitude as in number. In the soil of France and Belgium, the story of the guns of England, France, and Germany is written deep. By day and night the guns, the shells and the gunners grow and multiply. Early in the war the enemy mastered the British in brute-strength of artillery—in everything to do with guns and ammunition except skill and courage; but now, though the gun-power of the Germans is many times greater than in those days, we are their masters. To-day we can beat the mechanical fighters at their own game!

In the machinery of war lay the German strength. Even their flesh and bone were driven like machinery. Their infantry rolled up in tens of thousands, only to be stopped by our thousands. Where the fight was between men armed with rifles and grenades we had no fear of the result. We were the better fighters. The dash of our French comrades, the grim rush and tackle of our brothers of the United Kingdom, and the furious and fearless methods in attack of our men from Overseas, made our infantry always the masters of the enemy's infantry, whatever the odds against us.

The Germans continued to hold the upper hand in the machinery of guns and shells, until they attempted to grind the defences of Verdun to powder. There and then they learned that even their mechanical superiority over the Allies was a thing of the past. Then began the greatest duel of guns the world had ever known or dreamed of up to that time. Day by day, night by night, month after month, the battle of guns continued, touched and coloured here and there by the massive overflow of German infantry towards shell-

obliterated strongholds, and the splendid counter-strokes of French infantry. At Verdun, France out-shot the enemy, even as she had always out-bayoneted him.

Then Germany hurled her weight of artillery upon the Ypres salient, to blot it out and exterminate its defenders in a hurricane of shattering death. The Canadians were there, in the very salient where she had found them a year before—to the undoing of her plans. And again the blind fury of German machinery broke and split against the thin, hard front of Canadian Valour. The Ypres salient is still British! Explosions that turned and re-turned the tortured soil and obliterated trenches and dug-outs neither turned nor obliterated fighting Canada.

And now we—(England—Great Britain—the British Empire—call us what you will)—move forward beside France, crushing the German defences line after line with our artillery, cleaning up the ruins with our grenades and bayonets. We move slowly, as a whole, though individual thrusts are sharp and quick. We use our machinery now before we give our flesh and blood—and we have the machinery. We move slowly and we grind small.

Never in the history of the world was the crust of Old Earth so pitted and torn by the explosions of human conflict as it is to-day. The shell-craters of to-day are as the mine-craters of yesterday. One crater obliterates another. Shell after shell tears the same old wound in blind fury. The garden-lands of Europe are now the waste places of death; but the gardens will bloom again under their rightful gardeners.